

youth he had turned eagerly to certain
scientific studies
even while he was steeping himself in poetry,
and later he
devoured Flourens, Zimmermann, translations
of the great
scientists of England and Germany. He saw that
there was
often a deep poetry in science ; he dreamt of
making it mani-
fest, — of going further, — of associating science
and art, of
establishing their co-relation, welding them
together even
in instances when to some folk they seemed to
be antagonistic. His nature, as one has remarked
previously, was
a compound, a hybrid one, by no means
unique, but such
as is not often observed. " Lewis Carroll"
supplies a some-
what approximate instance: in him one found
the mathe-
matician elbowing the romancer, only he did
not dream
of importing "Euclid" into "Alice." Zola, in
doing so, or
rather in doing something similar, was not
entirely influ-
enced by his own special nature, but was
carried along by
the spirit of his age, in which everything
tended towards
science. Those who remember Darwin and
Faraday and
Huxley and the others, and the thirst that
came on so
many young men in those days, will not
gainsay it.
The literary critics declared, of course, and
many of them
declare still, that Zola was altogether wrong.
Regarding
Art as being so distinct, so different from
Science that no
amalgam could be effected, they laid down
and still lay

down certain rules as being necessary to
salvation. That
attitude was and is preposterous to the open
mind which
holds that no dogmas are of any account, and
that of those
who frame them one may say in Dante's words:
"Nou- ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa."
It is true that some critics have asserted that if
there be no
finality in science there is a finality in art.
But in fiction,